

AN OPEN LETTER
TO MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of *Samuel Pitcher* on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought *Samuel Pitcher* on the and has the signature of *Samuel Pitcher* on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897.

Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Samuel Pitcher

Insist on Having

The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Greetings...
to Everybody!

The Autumn Season is fully upon us, and with it we come before you with the Handsomest, Most Complete and Carefully Selected Stock that Money, Time, and Years of Experience can produce. We've

No Bluster

To harass you with! We do no "blowing," but we say truthfully that we have a Light, Airy, Clean and Neat Store Room, where you are always made welcome, and where we stand ready to serve you with the

Choicest Goods of the Market
AND SEASON,

at Prices that Cannot be Surpassed ANYWHERE.

We Handle

Only the Best Grades of Goods. Buy only from the Best and Most Reliable Wholesalers for Cash, thus assuring you only the Best

Standard Goods

at the Very Lowest Prices. We do not carry a single Low-Grade Article. Call and see us. Our Goods and Prices will tell the tale.

We are just Opening up the Finest and Most Complete Line of

Fancy Glass and Queensware

ever displayed in Southeast Missouri. Come and see our Elegant Line. Don't fail to see

OUR 10-CENT COUNTER

of Glass and Queensware. Not a Poor Article in the Lot. We offer you a Market

FOR ANYTHING YOU HAVE TO SELL!

and insure you the Best of Goods at Prices CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST.

Our Meat Market

is Complete, our Store is Light and Airy, Clean and Neat, and you are always Welcome. Come and see the Leaders!

GROSS & TOLLESON.

J. W. WHITWORTH,

DEALER IN

General
Merchandise

ARCADIA, MO.

If you want the Best Groceries at the Lowest Prices, call and see us. We are making prices that will interest you.

Good Flour, per cwt. \$2.40.
Good Meat per pound, 6c.
Fine Guatemala Coffee, per lb. 30c.
J. W. WHITWORTH.

Munitum in Parvo.

The fatigue incident to travel on poorly equipped railway trains and improperly constructed road-beds, may be overcome by selecting the "BEST ROUTE." The most popular trunk line from ST. LOUIS to ALL EASTERN POINTS is the Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern Railway, the ROYAL BLUE LINE. An appreciative public testify by a continued and unprecedented patronage the merits of the "BEST ROUTE" over all competitors. Tickets via the Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern Railway are on sale at the ticket offices of all Railways in the West. Lowest rates, unexcelled service, and unquestionable reliability compose the Trinity which have made it famous.

We are prepared to deliver spoke wood—ready for kitchen stoves—at \$1.00 per load or five loads for \$4.50. CLARK MANUFACTURING CO. Cabinets, \$1 a dozen, at Perkins'.

Sight-Seeing.

Ed. Register.—As we sat at the table one night at supper some one said, "As you are sight-seeing you ought to see the Anheuser-Busch brewery, which is one of the largest establishments of the kind in the United States, if not in the world." A young man sitting at the table said, "I am going up to the city in the morning and will show you around."

So the next morning we took the electric car and were soon there, for it does not take long to go a few miles. As we left the car right at the Anheuser establishment we went into the reception room which is nicely fitted up with the most costly seats with crimson and gold cushions and backs to the seats. The walls of the room were covered with handsome paintings, and lying open on the desk was a large register where all visitors were expected to register their names and places of residence. As we entered the office we saw quite a number of ladies and gentlemen seated around the room. Soon the floor walker came and saw how many there were of us. I think there were nine ladies and seven gentlemen. A fine, handsomely dressed young man came and said, "follow me." First he took us through the office where all of the book keepers were and then into a round room where were fine paintings and the statue of the organization of this establishment, and all around the room way up was a row of heads of moose, caribou, elk, deer, and all kinds of animals' heads that wear horns, and such a collection of horns I never saw. Next we went through the carriage rooms where were carriages of all sorts with tires like a bicycle, and such a fine collection you would not see except at the fair, and over on one side was the harness room with glass doors, and plated harness of all sorts to fit each kind of carriage. At every room were men and women sweeping or wiping down the things under their care. Not a bit of dirt was to be seen, and at every door we saw notices in gilt frames, "Gentlemen, please do not expectorate on the floor."

After we had been shown all that was to be seen in this great building we were taken across the street to another great building through a great archway to the wagon room where all of the great wagons were kept, and such a lot, all made just alike and all painted just alike. I do not know how many there were, for most all of the teams were out on the street at work. I only saw two or three in the shed and a few of the horses that belong to each wagon. But I saw a good many of the teams at work in different parts of the city and St. Louis doesn't own any finer horses than I saw at that stable. Every pair was just as near like as it was possible to get. I saw that big team of four blacks that stood out in the streets last year during the cyclone and a finer team I never saw. I thought I had seen fine horses before, but nothing to be compared to this time. I don't think this team does any work, only stands around for show, as I did not see them at work at all, only standing all alone at different places at different times. After we had seen the horses we were taken through the great ware room where we saw hundreds and thousands of boxes of bottles, and farther along great logs like those I saw at the basket factory last year; farther along we saw one of these great logs in a lathe that cut off a thin strip of wood not thicker than coarse packing paper. Then sheets of wood were cut into widths just as wide as a beer bottle is high. These sheets are to wrap the bottles in before they were packed for shipment.

Next we were shown through a long room. First we saw a machine for washing bottles. At one side of the machine was a large tub of water where one man put the empty bottles and two other men, one on each side of the machine, stuck the bottles, that were partly full of water, on rods that just fit the neck of the bottle, four on each side. At a movement of a lever the machines went back and forward as fast as you could count which made the water fairly foam. In a minute the machine was stopped and the bottles removed and the rods refilled. Then the bottles were then taken into the filling room. Here we saw a long row of men and boys, some seated, some standing. At one place we saw four pipes come out of the back of what looked like a side board. A man stood there and as fast as he could stick a bottle on one of these pipes the beer would run and by the time he had the fourth bottle on the pipe the first would be filled, and just as fast as he would go through the row the first would be filled again. I tell you there

was no time to swap knives. As those bottles were filled they passed right to a machine to cork the bottles. One man stood at one side and just as fast as he could set a bottle on an upright revolving machine that bottle passed under a lever that felt just about like a clock ticking and every stroke it struck a cork in the bottle and drove it tight. On the other side the man would take it off and it was passed to a row of small boys. The first would take a piece of tin foil and with two motions of the hand would wrap the foil around the neck of the bottle. The next boy would catch a label and with two motions stick it on the side of the bottle. The next boy would stick another one. The last one would wrap one of those sheets of wood around it; then it went to the packer, and so on, until it was ready to ship to any part of the world.

Next we were taken to another great building where the beer is made. First we were taken way up to the top in an elevator; from there was a spiral of stairs to go up in the tower. But, as I looked out over the city I said I believed I was as high as I cared to go just now. We were then shown all of the different processes through which the barley was taken until it was made into beer. First we saw a long row of mills to grind the grain on one floor. Down a pair of stairs were great copper tanks that would hold hundreds of barrels where the mashing was done, or perhaps the brewing, as I don't understand all of the terms. Those that know all about it need not laugh. And so on, down from one room to another until we came to the ground where all of the great engines were at work, and such great handsome engines I never saw before. Everything was kept just as clean and bright as they could be.

After we had seen all the sights in this big building we were taken to the ice plant where all the ice is made for the cold storage. As we entered the plant we saw everything that was made of iron or stone was covered with a coat of ice. Frost was on everything. We saw them taking great boxes or cases of ice out of the freezers and carried to a place where hot water was poured over the cases until the ice in the case was loosened, so it would come out and slide way down a long plank way to the cold storage. As we were shown into the ice room when they opened the big door such a cold blast came out as to almost freeze one; my friend caught my coat and pulled it up around my neck, and said, "I don't think it would be safe for you to go through the ice rooms." So I remained on the outside until the rest of the party had come out. As we came out of the main building we saw wagon after wagon being loaded with kegs and barrels of beer, and such fine horses and all their trappings were of the highest order. Finally we were taken back through the office to the street feeling we had seen one of the wonders of the world. T. P. R.

The Far West.

NEW CASTLE, WYO., Nov. 22, 1897.

Ed. Register.—Taking courage from the kind invitation of the Editor to write again, I will try this time to give a short description of the country, as I have had more time to see a great portion of this part of the State.

The State of Wyoming, I believe, has only about twelve counties. It is almost square, and lies between the 41st and 43rd parallels of latitude. The climate is very severe in winter; the thermometer sometimes goes to about 40 degrees below zero, though it is usually not so cold. The summer season is short and never so warm but what you need a cloak on after sundown. Grazing is the chief occupation. There is no grain raised, except a little corn for roasting ears; but there are immense crops of vegetables of all kinds raised here, of the very finest quality. Gooseberries, black, white and red currants, buffalo berries, huckleberries and plums grow wild on the mountains in abundance. What little farming that is done here is carried on by irrigation, as there is not sufficient rain to make the crops. That is the reason this part of the State is so thinly inhabited, because water is so scarce. Wherever water is, there are plenty of settlements.

Going in a westerly direction from here, there are thousands and thousands of acres of fertile prairie land, but just as far as the eyes can see, there is not a sign of a human abode, nor any other living animal, simply because there is no water. The streams of this State are very narrow and deep, and are also very scarce, the water of a great many being unfit for stock or irrigating purposes either; some of them being salty, others containing alum and oil. I have often heard people say, "I tell you, you'll go

up salt creek if you are not careful," but this is the first time that I ever saw this wonderful stream. And no wonder they used the saying, for all along the banks of this stream, there are skeletons of horses, cattle, deer and wolves, that have come to this stream for water, and they drink and drink, trying to quench their thirst, till they drop dead in their tracks. However there is not much stock around this place, for not many people live near it. But if any kind of stock get to it, they are "goners sure." A couple of men near here, not knowing the danger of the clear flowing stream, drove a large herd of cattle across it, and of course they all stopped to drink. They drank as long as they could and every one died right there. I think a right good name for this creek would have been the "Creek of Death."

Minerals are found in various parts of this State. Gold, silver and lead are mined in the Black Hills and Big Horn mountains. The Yellowstone National Park, in the northwestern part, is famous for its beautiful scenery, and hot springs, and is said to contain 10,000 geysers. This portion of the park is situated in the basin of Firehole river. Many of these geysers eject streams of water 200 feet high or more. While one, the "Giantess," ejects a stream of water two hundred and fifty feet high. The eruption takes place about twice in every twenty-four hours, lasting about twenty minutes.

Taking it all together the country is very picturesque. Is covered with natural curiosities. The foothills bordering on the plains look like some one had just piled little mounds of rocks, one on top of the other, making a height of about four or five feet every twenty-five or thirty feet, just as nice and smooth as can be, making a beautiful picture. Well, I cannot find words to describe all the natural beauties and I will hasten on with my letter.

All of my old friends back east know I am very fond of hunting, and as the country is full of game I have a good chance to exercise this talent. We have had two or three big snows already. Recently I shouldered my old "Marlin" and started out. I had not gone more than a half-mile from the house, when I came to a lot of deer tracks; I took out after them. In a very short time I was rewarded, for just a little ways ahead there stood five beautiful deer, quietly feeding and not at all aware of my presence or their immediate danger. I stopped, steadied my nerves, and took deliberate aim at a fine young buck. Crack! went the old "Marlin," and down went Mr. Buck, head over heels into a small canon, several feet below. Seeing he was safe, I started out after the others, but they had made their escape, and I did not get any more shots at them.

I then concluded I would get the man and horse from home, and haul in the deer, as the hungry coyotes were likely to find him, and would have him eaten in a very short time. So I hurried home and got my horse and man. The way we had to go with the horse was about two miles—around the foot of the mountain. "My man" being an old inhabitant of the country said it was no use to go so far to get home with our burden, that he would take it right across the top of the hill. So we proceeded to tie the rope around the horse's neck, then around the horn of the saddle, and started up the slope. We had almost gained the top when the horse lost his footing and went tumbling down, down, down, the mountain side, the deer right after him. And I (being behind him) running as hard as I could to keep him from rolling on me. At last I found refuge behind a big rock and watched the circus pass. The hill was so steep he could not help himself at all. After he had rolled several hundred feet, he bumped up against a large pine log and stopped. We hastened down to him expecting to find him dead, or badly crippled, but beyond a few scratches he was not injured. We got him on his feet again and concluded it would be nearer to go the two mile route home instead of climbing the hill.

Riding along the other day I saw what I thought was a great wall of white wool by the side of the road; turning to my companion I says, (hurriedly) "What in the world is that?" "Oh, my friend," says he, "that is a Jack rabbit; did you think it was a sheep?" Indeed I did not think they were so large as that; some of them weigh as much as fourteen pounds dressed. We think nothing of going out here, when the snow is deep, and killing ten or twelve of these rabbits. Well, I see my letter is growing long again, and I had better bring it to a close. So no more for this time.

W. L. MOORE.

Protection a Bar to Progress.

Mr. J. S. Jeans, editor of the London Iron and Coal Trades Review, has written an article embodying the results of long investigation in the iron industry of America and Great Britain. He is convinced that England can not long compete with America in this business, of which it has long held the leadership.

"The cost of producing Bessemer pig iron in the most favorable circumstances," says Mr. Jeans, "is now in this country 10s to 15s per ton less than the corresponding cost in Great Britain." The difference in the cost of producing a ton of steel is at least as much, and in the majority of cases is likely to be a good deal more. I know of cases where the labor cost on a ton of billets and rails is 25 to 35 percent. less than the lowest labor cost I have ever heard of in this country, although the rate of wages paid in America is materially higher. Quite a number of iron works in this country pay from 15s to 17s 6d per ton for their coke, which in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh is delivered at works for 5s to 6s per ton.

The cost of producing Bessemer pig iron is from \$2.50 to \$3.75 less in America than in Great Britain. Yet the Dingley tariff puts a duty of \$1 a ton on the British pig iron. Thus we have the anomaly of American pig iron factors underselling the British in their own markets, yet protected by nature and Dingley together at the rate of \$7 or \$8 a ton on their sales to home consumers. The manufacturers consequently get a heavy tribute from the people.

Every branch of the iron trade shows the same condition. The steel billet and steel rail manufacturers pay less than the English for fuel and labor. But for the infamous duty on pig iron they could get their raw material cheaper. Even with the tribute paid, they produce both steel billets and steel rails more cheaply than foreign manufacturers.

Yet steel billets are "protected" by a duty of \$6 a ton, and steel rails by \$7 a ton. Hence it is easy for the American railmakers to undersell the British in Japan, in Russia, and even in England. And the higher prices they charge to American buyers represent so much booty.

The protective tariff compels the people to pay a heavy tribute to the manufacturers, who, if left to their own devices, could not maintain their trusts, but would have to compete with each other. In that case the American people would benefit. So, also, would the manufacturing industry, which would then not only hold the American market, but also push out abroad. Without a protective tariff America would shortly take England's place as the leading manufacturing nation of the world.—K. C. Times.

Twelve Reasons Why.

The St. Louis Republic gives a dozen good reasons why newspaper readers should read this paper. Here they are:

1. The Republic is the greatest newspaper published.
2. It has a cable news service over the entire civilized world, which no other paper can secure.
3. Special correspondents in all the large cities and capitals of Europe.
4. News Bureau in New York City and Washington, D. C.
5. Special correspondents in every city and town in the Western United States.
6. Member of the Associated Press, the greatest news gatherer in the world.
7. Publishes daily the market reports of the world.
8. Issues a magnificent colored magazine cover with the Sunday paper.
9. More noted writers and artists contribute to the Republic than any other paper.
10. Issues an unequalled four-page comic weekly with each Sunday paper free.
11. Publishes pages of interest and value to womankind.
12. Its 10-cent Dress Pattern Department is the most popular feature ever introduced by a newspaper. Thousands patronize it.

The daily and Sunday St. Louis Republic is \$6 a year, \$3 for six months and \$1.50 for three months. The Twice-a-Week Republic is \$1 a year—104 papers, two each week.

After hearing some friends continually praising Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, Curtis Fleck, of Anaheim, California, purchased a bottle of it for his own use and is now as enthusiastic over its wonderful work as anyone can be. The 25 and 50 cent sizes, for sale by Arcadia Valley Drug Store.

Report of Ironton Public Schools.

MONTH ENDING Nov. 26, 1897.		Total for District.	
Enrollment	Male 74 Female 87	161	109
Av. No. att. each day	45 1/2	14 1/2	10 1/2
Av. att. per pupil	43 1/2	13 1/2	10 1/2
Tot. days att. for month	853 1/2	213 1/2	153 1/2
Per ct. att. of enrollment	60 1/2	60 1/2	60 1/2
No. cases of tardiness	9	9	9
No. cases of truancy	1	1	1
No. cases corp. punished	1	1	1
Days taught in month	19	19	19

ROLL OF HONOR.

HIGH SCHOOL—ROBT. E. WILKINSON, Teacher.

Girls—Mae Gay, Ada Marks, Nanine Brown, Grace Duty, Lena Fletcher, Edna Hills, Katie Kilgore, Lela O'Neal, Pearl Sherman, Emma Beard, Irene Goulding, Maude Langdon, Lydia Nagel, Laura Peck and Ethel Purkiss.

Boys—Louis Delano, Chester Prince, Sanford Andrews, Warren Johnson, Douglas Newman, Joe O'Brien, Roy Purkiss, Harry Byers, Francis Delano, Henry Dalton, Willie Edgar, Bennie Kilgore, Claude Marshall and George Whitworth.

ROOM NO. 3—MISS ALICE GAY, Teacher.

Girls—Pattie Andrews, Nettie Beard, Annie Byers, Mabel Dillon, Ethel Duty, Clara Delano, Bertha Hill, Minnie Leff and Louise Rieke.

Boys—Fred Twomey.

ROOM NO. 3—MISS FANNIE MARKHAM, Teacher.

Girls—Lora Bishop, Annie Bishop, Florence Brown, Mabel Hockenbrock, Clara Giovannoli, Ruth Kanouse, Bosie Kilgore, Ada Marshall, Olga Rieke, Marian Shelby, Alice Twomey, Maude Twomey and Ella Walker.

Boys—Willie Shelby, Fred Spitzmiller, Harvey Prince, Everett Twomey, Franco Bond, Frank Reed, Monte Depper, Warren Dalton, Jamie Edgar and Monte Patton.

The pupils named above have given satisfaction in deportment during the past month, and have neither been absent nor tardy.

The co-operation of parents is solicited in the work of securing regularity and promptness in attendance, and in the cultivation of good, quiet, industrious and mannerly habits.

Visitors—Misses Oleson, H. Davis, M. Dawitt and E. Gay; Mesdames S. Dillon, Hatcher, Bishop and Prince; and Dr. Prince. Visitors always welcome.

Very Respectfully,

ROBT. E. WILKINSON, Principal.

Ladies' and children's hosiery, all colors and black, cheap, at the Racket Store.

We will take all nine, ten, eleven and twelve inch hub timber brought to our yard from now until next spring. CLARK MANUFACTURING CO.

I AM
CUTTING PRICES
TO SUIT THE TIMES.

I will sell Staple Goods for Cash paid on the delivery of goods at a discount of 20 per cent., and other goods at a discount of from 20 per cent. to 50 per cent. from Regular Prices. All who have money to buy their supplies with will do well to call on me and examine my Goods and learn my Prices before buying.

My Stock of Goods consist of Staple Dry Goods, Ready-Made Clothing for Men, Youths and Boys; Hats and Caps; Boots and Shoes for Men, Women and Children; Furnishing Goods, consisting of Underclothes, Work Shirts, and Dress Shirts, in great variety; Collars, Cuffs, Neckties, Scarfs, Suspenders, Hose, Half-Hose, Gloves, Mitts and Handkerchiefs, in great variety. Fine Hair Oil, Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Staple Drugs and Patent Medicines. Second-Hand Books, School Books, Blank Books, Paper, Envelopes, Tablets, Box Paper, Ink, Pen Stocks, Pen Points, and all kinds of School Supplies. Watches, Clocks, Spectacles in great variety. Razors, Razor Strops, Hones, Pocket Knives, Pocket Books, Purses, Ladies' Bags, Satchels, Photograph and Autograph Albums, and an immense stock of Laces, Ribbons and Fancy Notions, too numerous to mention.

HENRY BARNHOUSE.

FOR RENT—Lower floor in I. O. O. F. Hall, Ironton. One of the best business locations in town. Apply to Geo. Schultz, John Albert, or T. B. Pruitt.

CASTORIA.

The fac-simile signature of *Samuel Pitcher* is on every wrapper.

FOR SALE—The old Odd-Fellows Lodge property at Pilot Knob. Two-story frame building and good-sized lot. Will be sold cheap. Apply at the REGISTER office.

STRAYED—From my farm, six miles southeast of Ironton, about the 1st of August, last, Five Head of Cattle—four Two-Year-Olds and one Yearling. Marked with crop off right ear and split in the left. Two steers are solid red; one brown spotted. The heifer is red with white under belly, and white spot in forehead. Dehorned. The yearling is pale red, not dehorned. Will pay for information leading to their recovery.

LUDWIG REICHERT.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of *Samuel Pitcher* is on every wrapper.